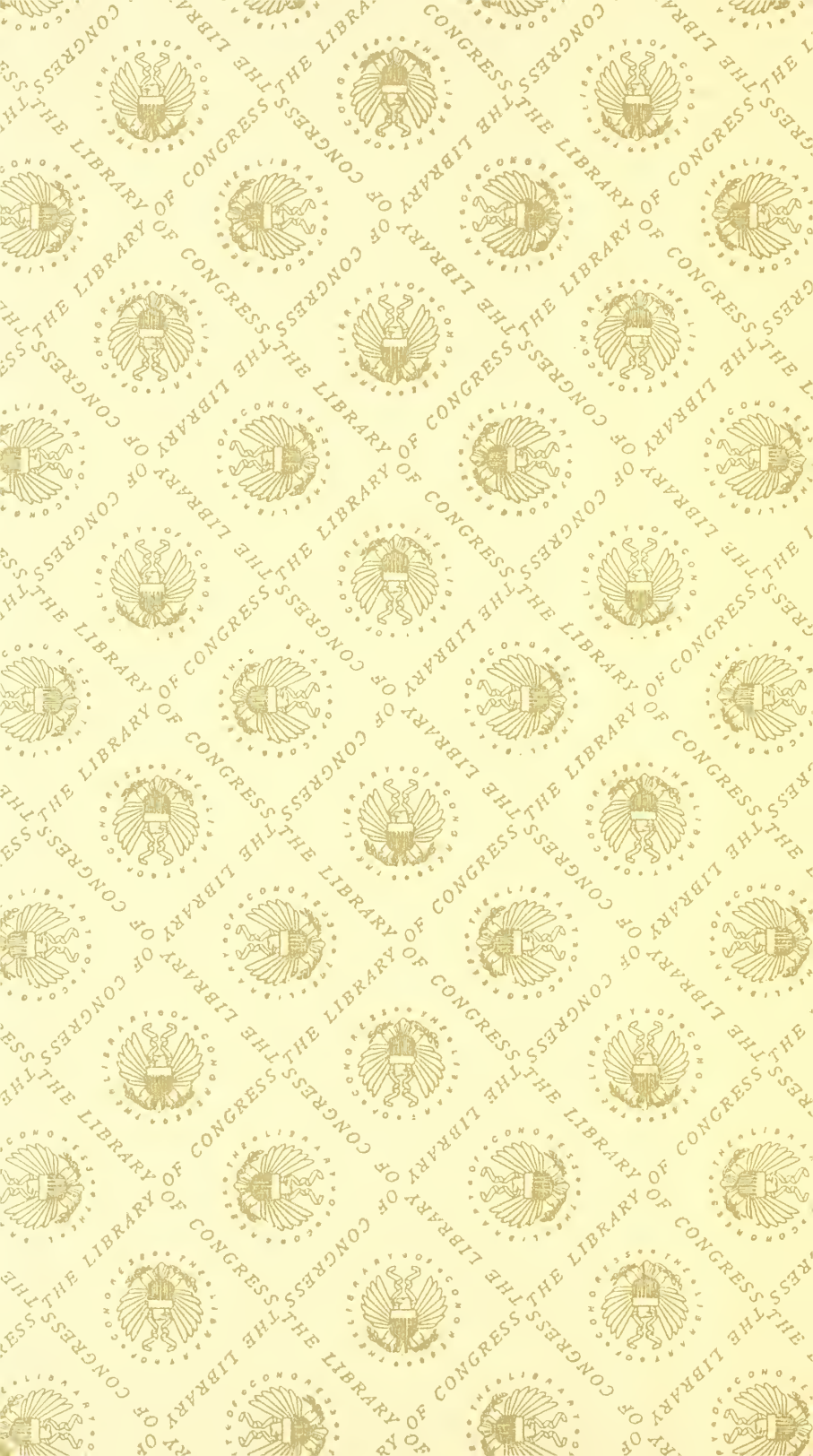
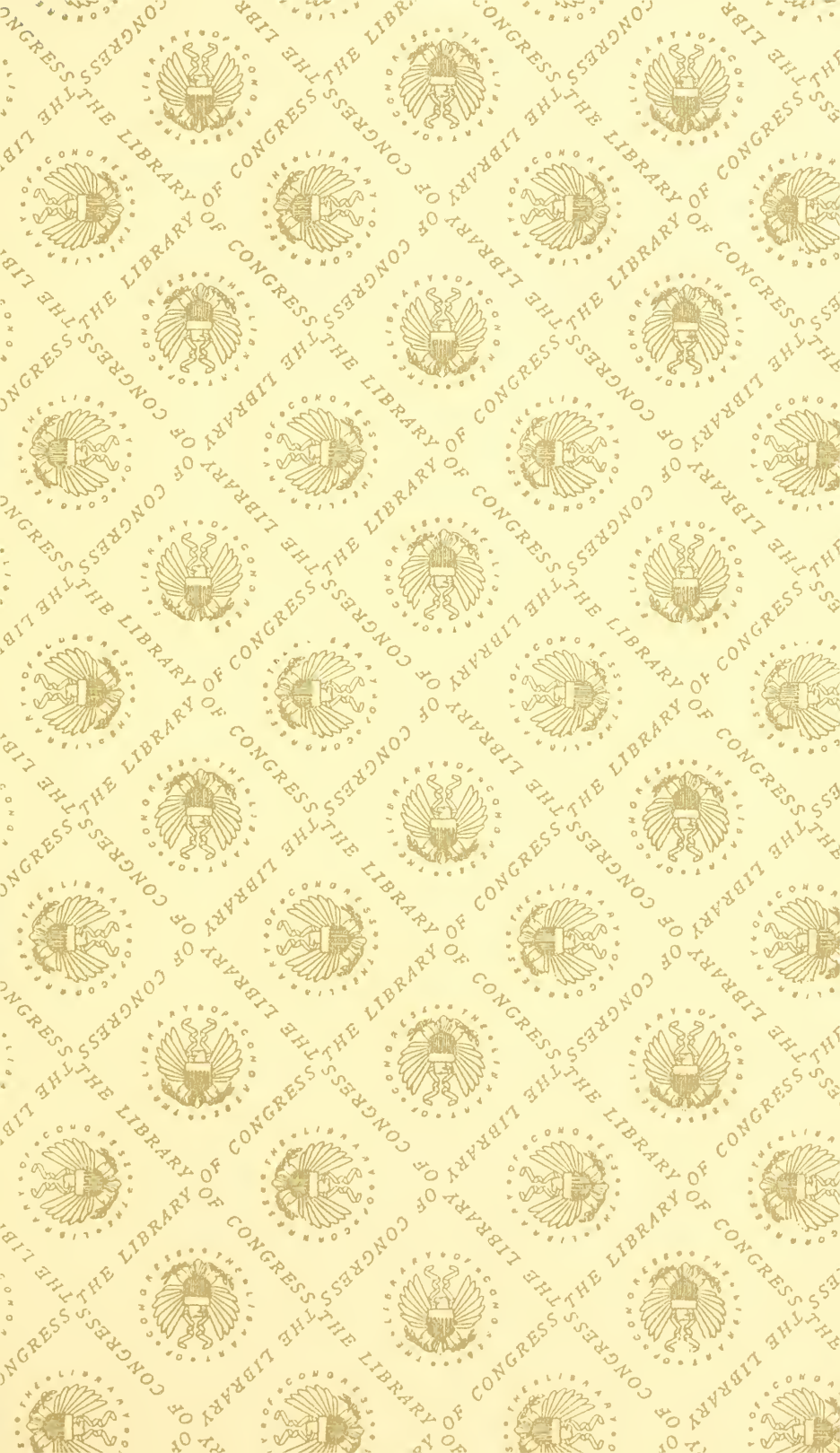


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THE

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QUID MIRROR.

THE FIRST PART.

Mic niger est; hunc tu Romane caveto.

These men are base; do you Democrats beware of them.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND REPUBLISHED (WITH AN EXPLANATORY NOTE)

BY GEORGE HELMBOLD, JUNIOR, NO. 73, N. EIGHTH STREET.

.....
1806.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

THE republisher deems it a duty he owes to himself, as well as to those gentlemen, libelled in the following pages, to declare to the public, the motives that impel him to undertake the republication of a work of such a nature. Several days previous to the late election, a few copies were, either thrown unperceived into the doors, or sent, through the medium of the post office, to *characters of a peculiar cast*. They were read with avidity, and extolled at *certain places*. Men of different sentiments scarcely could obtain a view of this hydra of politics. In order, therefore, to gratify the curiosity of the public, as well as to shew dispassionate men of all parties, to what base, and assassin-like means a few daring, factious, and turbulent characters will descend, and, at the same time, compel calumny to defeat its own views, the republisher has ventured to usher this misshapen offspring of a poisoned pen to the public. The characters it attempts to asperse, are all known, and many are tried revolutionary patriots. Their worth and patriotism will not only repel the calumny, "but turn the weapon back upon the foe."

When party spirit shall cease, or politics flow into another channel, or certain renegade incendiaries who have lighted the torch and now fan the flames of discord among us, shall either be frowned, by public indignation, into their original obscurity, or be compelled to seek their bread and gratify their insatiable thirst for immolating the fairest reputations, in other climes, then may we look on this infamous production, and ask ourselves, by what magic, what subtlety or political mania, we were so far led from the path of rectitude, that many among us should be so degenerate as to admire the production of such a wretch, or set of wretches, as the writer or writers (for we believe that more than *one* was concerned) of the "Quid Mirror" must be. Even they are conscious of their own wickedness, depravity, and rascality; for they not only industriously conceal themselves, but even circulate the iniquitous production of their venality, in a manner that plainly indicates there is no truth in the adage of "honor amongst thieves." The republisher wishes some friend of the constitution to take up the subject, and write a "Jacobin or Duanite Mirror." He tenders himself to any one who will undertake the task, as the publisher of such a production. The field is open, the subjects numerous, and rich in anecdote.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME reasons may be required for the Quid Mirror; and lest men of dispassionate minds and honorable sentiments might be led to imagine, that unworthy motives dictated the exhibition, the true ones will be assigned.

DALLAS, in his vapouring letter to Mr. LAWLER, the late Mayor, said, that his "*libellous associates*," (meaning the Friends of the People) were "*without name, character, feeling or property*," and DALLAS is the high-priest of the *remnant* of the quid sect. Now, to show that he mistook the character of the democratic party for his own, his copartners in profligacy, and his associates in treachery are exhibited. No mirror ever reflected more correct likenesses; and they will and must be acknowledged to be genuine, by every unprejudiced man, who knows the original.

The democratic party have been charged by this brotherhood, with being *office-hunters* and *dictators*; to show, therefore, *who* the office-hunters are, and *who* would be the dictators, the Mirror is offered to the public. It must now be apparent, that the *rage for office* made quids, and that DALLAS and Co. aimed at establishing a monopoly. In the first instance, the democratic party was to be the ladder of ambition for quids to mount upon, and when this convenience was refused, the *federalists* were courted to become their *horse-block*.

The charge of *dictation* is peculiarly applicable to this sect; for they are an acknowledged *minority*, a mere *handful*, and yet they wished to give the law, not only to the democratic party, but eventually to their newly adopted brethren the federalists. Both have spurned the vulgar lordlings, and have left them to lord it over themselves.

It may be asked, Why the Mirror has not reflected more likenesses? The answer is a plain and an obvious one. All who have acted with the quids are not quids, and the mistaken man is not to be classed with the base. He who is truly a quid, and there are few indeed, merits the finger of scorn, and it will be pointed at them by all parties. He is the scum which fermentation has thrown upon the surface, and like it will be thrown into the common sewer. Many who have acted with the quids may be said to have sound stamina, and therefore, are entitled to a different regimen. They may be safely and justly incorporated with the democratic body. Not so with the *titularies of the grand dignitaries of the quid empire*. The line of demarcation between them and the democratic party is drawn for ever; and as well might the traitor ARNOLD expect to be welcomed by the country he betrayed, as that *they* should be received as a component part of the democratic party. The viper which the countryman received into his bosom was not more fatal to him, than they would be to the democratic cause. The moment democrats compromise with treachery and baseness, that moment ends their pretensions to principle, and that moment is the cement destroyed which binds them together. They ought to say with Virgil "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,"—we fear the quids even when they make presents.

There remains a few, whose conduct and destitution of principle may deserve notice. They are the smaller fry of the shoal, and ought not to be mingled with the sharks. Occasion may lead the philosopher to an examination of *caterpillars*, but it must be only after the *hyana* and the *tyger* have undergone an analysis—For the present, the JACK SERGEANTS, and the CHANDLER PRICES, and the MANNY EYRES, and the ALICK MOORES, and the NEDDY FOXS, and the CHARLES SWITS, and the FEDDY FOERINGS, and the ELISHA GORDONS, will be laid upon the shelf; and when TOM THUMB, or GOODY-TWO-SHOES would afford amusement, then they may be taken down.

THE
QUID MIRROR, &c.

THOMAS M'KEAN.

THIS man is an evidence of one of Fortune's frolics. Without even a common-place acquaintance with subjects, out of the immediate sphere of the profession of the law; without any mental quality above mediocrity, excepting that of mere *memory*; without any moral endowment to distinguish him from the common herd of mortals; and without any of those small but sweet courtesies of life which endear man to man, he has alternately been advanced to the most important stations in our government. His origin was obscure, and his initiatory study of morals and law, was coupled with the duties of an hostler, at New Castle. The American revolution gave him an opportunity to thrust his head from beneath the veil. He became a whig, as he has since been a democrat, from interest; as it opened the fairest path to preferment.—His military glory rose and descended with a regimental military command. Few tyrants are brave; and in him are blended the extremes of tyranny and cowardice. He marched at the head of a regiment to Perth-Amboy, and looked at the enemy on Staten-Island with a spy-glass. His domineering spirit began soon to show itself, and in a short time he became the scorn and execration of the regiment, and they withdrew from his command, and left the coward to be bullied by his own tempestuous passions.

After the constitution of Pennsylvania, which was the offspring of the venerable and illustrious Franklin, went into operation, he declared his abhorrence of it in such emphatic terms, that he said he would not accept an office under it; and yet, when the office of Chief Justice was offered him, he seized it with avidity, and swore to the support of that frame of government, which had previously received his severest denunciation. His ferocity in this character has no parallel but in that of Jeffries. His passions and prejudices, whenever they could be enlisted, always occupied the judgment-seat. On the trial of Carlisle and Roberts his conduct exhibited the executioner rather than the judge; and such was his bloody cast of character, that he declared he would sooner hang them himself, than they should escape the gibbet.

So devoid was he of delicacy, so destitute of even the common forms of justice, that he presided on the bench when he himself was the prosecutor in the cause.

General Thompson, who was captured at the escalade of Quebec was basely treated by him, for which the General made free with his nose; and when he afterwards met him in the street and M'Kean had the wall of him, the General sternly used this language to him, "*you scoundrel take the gutter,*" and to which his honour yielded submissive obedience.

Against the freedom of the press he has ever manifested the congenial hatred and fear of tyrants. The independence of Col. Oswald as a man, and a printer, became the object of his persecution and his vengeance. In this case, he, as chief justice, introduced the nefarious common law doctrine of *contempt*, which has been made a precedent ever since, and which remains a disgrace unredressed by the legislature. Colonel Oswald was incarcerated, because he dared to speak and publish truth, and the revenge of the Chief Justice was to be satisfied.

So tyrannical was he, as the Chief Justice, so arrogant and insolent was his deportment, that JARED INGERSOLL drew up and had signed by many of the bar, an application for his removal from office. He was the terror and abhorrence of the bar, jurors, and suitors: and many declared they would vote for him as governor to get rid of him from the bench.

To show the excess of his vanity and superciliousness, let the following anecdotes suffice. As Chief Justice he was one of the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. The students had engaged to perform a play. A crowded and respectable auditory attended. Just as the exhibition was about to commence, a considerable buzz was heard in the gallery. Dr. Ewing, the provost, appeared on the stage, and announced, that the play would begin as soon as there was silence. The buzz continued: on which M'Kean rose from his seat, advanced to the front of the stage, clapped his arms a-kimbo, and said, "*I as Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, command silence!*" He was hissed off the stage. The Provost requested silence, and there was silence.

On some occasion, a very respectable French gentleman, Mons. B——, suddenly appeared in his presence, and began to converse with him with his hat on. M'Kean suddenly interrupted him, by saying, "*take off your hat, Sir; do you know who I am?*" No, replied Mons. B. Sir, said he, stamping his foot, "*I am the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.*" O! said Mons. B. taking off his hat, "then I take off my hat to your commission."

At a dinner of the Cincinnati, at Eppele's tavern, in Race-street, he commanded one of the servants to stand behind his chair. The waiter was called to another quarter. M'Kean vociferated, and the waiter returned to his station. "*Sirrah, said he, how dare you disobey me; do you know who I am? I am Thomas M'Kean, Doctor of Laws, Vice-President of the Society of Cincinnati, and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania; so do not stir from behind my chair without my orders.*"

In the Convention for the formation of the present Constitution of Pennsylvania, a proposition was made to prevent the union of federal and state offices in the same persons. To this M'Kean objected, and urged the following argument—"*I was Governor of the State of Delaware, I was President of Congress, I was a Member of Congress, and I was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and all at the same time, and who can say that there was any impropriety in it, or that any injury resulted from it?*"

As a member of the Convention he took a decided part with the aristocracy of the state. He united in all projects for the abridgment of the rights of the people. He was a strenuous advocate for a compound ratio of population and wealth in the organization of the Senate; and although he was incapable of eloquence or argument in support of any project, his vote always spoke against the people.

In Convention he was sometimes placed in the chair, when the Convention resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and at a late sitting, when he presided, candles were brought in, without his orders. He directed that they should be withdrawn, for that it was unparliamentary to introduce candles without his order, or the resolution of the committee. For some moments the committee were left in darkness and confusion, owing to his excessive vanity and folly.

He was elevated to his present situation by a small majority.—To oppose him was a crime, and after his election he reviled his opponents in the most contumelious language. Many of the prominent Republicans had no confidence in his principles. They knew the unbounded vanity of his nature, and that he would become the creature of any party which would descend to flattery of him. They determined to compromit him by an address, and he seized the bait with more voracity than a shark, and thus was he prevented from an immediate desertion to the ranks of his opponents.

His gubernatorial career was commenced like an egotist, it has progressed in egotism, and will and must end in contempt. One of his first acts was the appointment of his son JOE, a creature despised by all parties, and without any merit on the score of service or talents. Mr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, a revolutionary whig, and a man inoffensive in his life and deportment, was removed in his advanced life from the office of Register, that the first-born booby of M'Kean might be provided for.

His son-in-law BUCHANNAN, of Baltimore, the present Lazaretto Physician, Good Lord! was destined by him to be Secretary of the Commonwealth, although he was not a citizen of this state, and the constitution requires citizenship and residence as a qualification for office; and he was only prevented from this outrage, by the qualms of his son-in-law and the Governor General Dallas.

THOMAS M'KEAN THOMPSON, his nephew, was translated from the state of Delaware to occupy this important office; and actually became the incumbent, before he was entitled to elect or be elected a constable. Thus was a pettifogging lawyer, without a single endowment to recommend him to the station, and without the constitutional qualification, thrust into an office, designed as a check upon the executive magistrate.

Since his accession to the executive chair, he has considered the Commonwealth as his private estate, and every whelp and every cub of his own, or of those any way affiliated to him, has been provided for out of the public purse. Even that silly petit-maitre, his son Tom, by a fiction, is made to receive four hundred dollars annually out of the public treasury.

None but his relatives, flatterers, and sycophants, with few exceptions indeed, have been entrusted by him with office, and by means of office, he has assailed and undermined the integrity of the Legislature.

The powers which are delegated to the Governor by the Constitution, to guard him from legislative encroachment, he has exercised in the most wanton and arbitrary manner, in disregard of the will of the people, or of the interests of the state. Since his administration he has rejected more Bills than all the Presidents and all the Governors of the United States or of the states put together; nay, than all the monarchs of Great Britain added to them.

In his intercourse with the members of the General Assembly, he has not preserved the common forms of decorum, and his expressions of them partook more of the education of an *hostler* than of the gentleman. Indeed he seems to have studied the Billingsgate vocabulary, and may be said to have rivalled it in vulgarity.—The powers of a Nero are alone wanting to make him as finished a monster, and to transmit his name to posterity as one of the curses of the human race.

A man designed by nature and education to be the first minister of an inquisition, could not attract the confidence, or merit the respect of freemen—by such, therefore, was his re-election opposed. Fortuitous circumstances again made him Governor; and well may it be said, that he is an evidence of Fortune's frolics, when even those who supported him, felt the utmost detestation for his principles and character. It may indeed be averred, without a hyperbole, that not more than a fraction of the voters for him felt even a common respect, and that the Constitution was the Trojan horse which conveyed him into Troy.

Since his re-election, his naturally tempestuous soul has been a constant tornado, which is striving to overwhelm in ruin every man who dared to act as becomes a freeman.

That venerable and meritorious patriot, GENERAL SHEE, was among the first victims of his vengeance and egotism. He brandished the sword of destruction at the head of every man that he fancied it could reach, and thrust it into the bowels of such as were within his allonge. He did not fiddle, like Ne-

ro, when Rome was in flames; but he quaffed to Bacchus, and squirted his tobacco juice with the extacy of a demon, at the mischief and distress he had caused.

DICKSON, the Editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer, was incarcerated by him for promulgating his corruption, when no doubt of the facts having been promulgated by WERTZ, the Senator existed in the mind of any honest man. WERTZ had made no secret of the attempts made to seduce him; but WERTZ was a Senator, and he held the casting vote of the Senate. It was impolitic to prosecute *him*, for he might have *told tales*; and he might have interrupted gubernatorial projects. DICKSON had offended the majesty of M'KEAN, by opposing his election. The honesty and independence of the Editor required chastisement, a convenient tribunal was not wanting, and a fine of *five hundred dollars*, and *three months imprisonment* was inflicted upon him for publishing *facts*!

During the administration of the late Governor Mifflin, M'KEAN reprobated the many appointments to the office of Justice of the Peace. He said, that it was an important station, which ought to be filled only by men of the first character and intelligence; and that he would reduce rather than increase the existing number. Since his accession to the office, they have multiplied like Polyphi; every corner of the state has been crammed with them: and the question with him has not been as to character and fitness, but as to the subserviency of the candidate to his will and his views. This law maniac has made such a departure from his own maxims, as to commission, as Justices of the Peace, men who can scarcely write their own names, and who cannot spell even a monosyllable.

This is an epitome of the character of THOMAS M'KEAN. If it should appear deformed to the beholder, the fault must not be attributed to the mirror, but to the man. It is a true likeness, and will be recognized as such, by universal consent, in two years more, when he shall be about to exclaim, "*Adieu la voiture, adieu la boutique*;" and to say with Cardinal Wolsey, "*had I but served my God, as I have served the Devil, he would not thus have deserted me in my old age.*"

ALEXANDER JAMES DALLAS.

THIS is a patriot imported into our country from his Britannic majesty's colony of Jamaica. Too obscure and contemptible to attract the notice of the king's servants, he threw himself upon our shores, without name, character, fortune, or recommendation. His debut here was the green-room, his companions the comedians, and his support was derived from their bounty. He wrote verses for them, and they gave him bread. He aided them behind the scenes, and was a machine in their hands. BRADFORD, the bookseller, patronized him, and but for his countenance, Dallas must have been content with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table. Often have the neighbours called in his half-famished children from the street, to feed them, when their parents were gossiping with players, or attending their commands. As an attorney he did not earn the salt in his porridge, and yet poverty-stricken as he was, such was his vanity and ostentation, that he entertained parties at his house, when he could not pay his rent. He courted and flattered every man that could relieve him. M'Kean was then Chief Justice, and he offered the rankest incense to him, in a dedication of the first volume of his Reports. Nothing was ever too gross for the palate of Mr. Chief Justice: this Dallas knew, and he flattered him without mercy. It had its effect, and the sycophant has since profited by it.

Various were his ways to attract the attention of the public. He wished to signalize himself as a man of courage, and to have a *rencontre* with a man of celebrity, who he knew was in principle opposed to duelling. A challenge was sent, because he knew it would not be accepted; and as arrant a coward as was ever cast in nature's mould, strutted the hero and gasconaded like *Bodil*.

The late Governor Mifflin was the object of his most unremitted and sedulous attentions. During the first canvass for Governor under the present constitution, he went from tavern to tavern to harangue in favour of General Mifflin, that he might be fed and honoured by his patronage. The hypocrite succeeded, foisted himself into his confidence, and in the end, basely betrayed and deserted him. Governor Mifflin raised him from the kennel, and, to the great and universal dissatisfaction of the State, created this adventurer Secretary of the Commonwealth. After his elevation he became a furious democrat, was the founder of the Democratic Society, and eventually betrayed and deserted this Society, as he had done his early friends. The western insurrection, as FAUCHET truly remarked, found him "*balancing to decide on his party,*" and afterwards "*giving himself up with a scandalous ostentation, to the views, and even seconding the declarations of Alexander Hamilton.*"

As he omitted no opportunity to profit by occurrences, and to make the most of them, he eagerly seized the post of Paymaster General to the Pennsylvania forces. He followed the army to Pittsburgh, and revolved as a satellite around Hamilton, as often as he was permitted; and yet even his servility did not shelter him from the insults of M'Pherson's Blues. Not content with the pay and rations of a Paymaster-General, he charged a commission upon his disbursements, and put upwards of six thousand dollars into his pocket; and it was for this unprecedented act, which even LORD MELVILLE would have blushed at, that GEORGE LOGAN pronounced him to be "*an unprincipled foreigner, who wished to swindle the United States out of this sum.*"

When Jay's famous, or rather infamous British treaty was made known to the people of this country, he seized the glad moment to reinstate himself with the Democratic party, and wrote the Features of that treaty. An universal dissatisfaction had shewn itself against that instrument, and he proudly and vainly boasted of his essay; but when, in the language of the late President Washington, "*a counter current*" was likely to succeed the first flow of indignation, he requested not to be known as the author—and was ready to disown the bantling that he had previously caressed with over-weening fondness.

Towards the close of Mifflin's administration, like the Roman triumvir, he thought it better to worship the rising than the setting sun. He turned his back upon his patron, his benefactor, and his friend. His official duties compelled him to occasional visits; but his heart was a stranger to gratitude; and although he lived in the same neighbourhood, weeks often elapsed, without exhibiting the courtly figure of the Secretary to the persecuted and declining Governor. If one drop of the milk of human kindness had flowed in his veins, his patron must have excited his attention and melted him into tenderness; but the sensibilities of the human heart were not to be found in him, whose circle of feeling extended not beyond his own mansion. The sighs and heart-aches produced by ingratitude and treachery must be registered in heaven's chancery; and the wretch who could be guilty of such foul sins will be requited either here or hereafter.

After having slumbered over a reign of terror, a courtier to DAYTON, TRACY, and others of the same stamp, he awakened to become the champion of THOMAS M'KEAN. He was never known to appear in public, but for the purposes of *self*, and on this occasion *self* animated him to exertion. He held the pen of the Republican Corresponding Committee, and fulminated in words against federalists and federalism. At this time the shades of difference between him

and the federalists were glowing and distinct as the colours of the rainbow; although, in a late rosary, which he strung for his quid brethren, but slight shades of difference were said to distinguish them from each other. M'KEAN was elected, and he was constituted his oracle and his speech-maker. He taught M'Kean to believe, that he had made him Governor, and the dotard surrendered himself entirely into his hands. The offices of the State were to be the joint tenancy of the Secretary and the Governor; and the insatiable maw of the Secretary was to be crammed with the offices of Secretary of the Commonwealth, Recorder of the City, and Commissioner of Bankrupts at the same time.

When the proposition to repeal the midnight judiciary was before Congress, DALLAS was the prime mover of an opposition to it, in this city, drew the memorial against it, and in conjunction with JOE M'KEAN, forwarded it to Congress in a letter to JAMES ROSS, then a Senator. In a few months afterwards, this same A. J. DALLAS became a member of the Republican Committee of Correspondence to promote the re-election of M'KEAN, and in an address which he penned, the repeal of the judiciary system had his unqualified approbation! It was on this occasion, that Mr. INGERSOLL declared, that he would never again put his hand to a paper to which DALLAS's name was subscribed, or in which he had any concern.

The intimacy between him, BURR, and DAYTON, is a fact of public notoriety; and from his defence of BURR, after his attempt to supplant Mr. JEFFERSON in the Presidency, the inference is unavoidable, that he had an agency in his intrigue. Indeed his conduct at Lancaster, and since that period, leaves little room to doubt his preference for BURR. There are points of contact in their characters, which naturally draw them together. With both all means are rightful to the attainment of their end, and virtues are assumed by them which they have not. Hypocritical and treacherous, they flatter and betray, as their objects can be best answered; and, perhaps, in this only can they be said to differ, BURR is brave, and DALLAS is a coward.

As long as it was practicable he clung to the office of Secretary of the Commonwealth, and when he abandoned all hope of a return of the legislature to this city, and not till then, did he resign it. A mere cormorant in his appetites, he cawed a death-like note when he was necessitated to resign the offices of Secretary and Recorder.

During the last canvas for Governor he organized the Constitutional Society, manufactured their constitution and addresses, as well as their officers, and what is not the least remarkable, he proposed GEORGE LOGAN as the President—that very man, who he knew had designated him as “*an unprincipled foreigner, who wished to swindle the United States out of several thousand dollars.*” On this occasion, and during this memorable controversy, he courted and flattered the Federal party; and in the teeth of former declarations, averred, that but *slight shades of difference distinguished him and them*. Despised as he and M'KEAN were by them, they nevertheless contributed their aid, and by means of it, and it alone, was M'KEAN re-elected.

At a subsequent special election for a Senator, he convened his little band at the Court-house, where, being out-numbered by those, whose shades of political difference before, had been, by him, scarcely discernible, he was compelled to decamp, amid the taunts and shouts of Fedarelists, who disdained such a leader.

This is but a sketch of the character and adventurers of A. J. DALLAS. Republicans, “look here upon this *picture*,” the man, “*the counterfeit presentment*” of a patriot.

“A fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stoop almost together, like an arrow
Shot through the air as nimble as a star:

Turn short as doth a swallow, and be here,
 And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
 Present to any humour, all occasion,
 And change a visor swifter than a thought.
 This is the creature had the art born with him,
 Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
 Out of most excellent nature, and such sparks
 Are the true parasites, others but Zanies."

WILLIAM BACHE.

THIS is the unnatural son of an illustrious grandsire, unlike him in any thing but his resemblance to man. He was educated a physician, and commenced practice in this city. Idle and debauched, profligate and treacherous, the meridian of Philadelphia was not adapted to his cast; and after having squandered away a portion of his wife's fortune and immersed himself in debt, he was compelled to take a French leave, and retire to Virginia. An Argus-eyed creditor arrested him on the eve of his departure, from whom he escaped by finding bail, and leaving him in the lurch. His pursuits in Virginia were in consonance with his character. By nature a buffoon, he exhibited himself as such at a public theatre in Richmond, by dancing on a hot stove to the no small astonishment and amusement of the spectators. A voluptuary of the most grovelling species, he kept a seraglio of sable concubines, and in their polluted embraces neglected a respectable wife, and an offspring that even a brute would have caressed. Here too his extravagancies outstripped his revenue, and again he became engulfed in debt. An appointment, more friendly than humane or wise, translated him to New Orleans, where he figured for a time as a surgeon of the hospital, and very expeditiously squandered away the appropriations for that establishment. Under such auspices the institution soon languished, and he found himself obliged to abandon it. Again he sought Virginia as an asylum. The almost beggared grandson of the venerable Franklin was then promoted by presidential *feeling*, to the place of surveyor of the port of Philadelphia. He left an honorable and respectable friend in Virginia as sponsor for his debts, who has since been obliged to pay them, and hied to this city to realise his golden prospects. Without the shadow of pretension on the score of merit or service, he nestled himself in an honorable and lucrative office, such as was due only to the man of probity, industry and principle. The demon of mischief, the arbiter of his fate and director of his actions, did not permit him to become acquainted with the alphabet of his office, before he prompted him to scatter confusion and disorder among the democratic party. Not a citizen of the state, he commenced a Billingsgate warfare upon its citizens, and with an effrontery that could only be looked for in a dancer upon a hot stove, attempted to control the will of the people. An obedient though clumsy tool of Dallas, he was employed to perform his menial and dirty service. Without talents for rational and sober argument, either in debate or in essay, he exhibited himself in the foremost rank of quid babblers and scribblers. By buffoonery and Billingsgate eloquence he strove to create confusion among the ward committees; but here, as in all his other projects, disappointment was his portion. Even his own vote was rejected at the poll, and he strove to cover his disgraceful retreat by a horse laugh and puerile witticisms.

No man could have indulged in greater freedoms with the character, the measures, the vanities, the follies, the tyrannies and the egotisms of M^r Kean than Bache. M^r Kean was the incessant theme of his vulgar wit and forecastle animadversion; and yet he afterwards became the ardent champion of M^r Kean, and entered heartily into the federal co-partnership in his behalf. He was the

actual editor of the quid journal, that common-sewer for all the filth of a polluted and corrupt faction. Such was the profligacy of this journal, under his auspices that it eclipsed Porcupine, and even Pere du Chene, and well merited the motto of the French editor, "*diablement patriotique*;" and yet the nominal editor was a saint, attended private meetings for purposes of Christian devotion, and even made long prayers himself; so true it is, as was remarked by Shakespeare, that "the Devil himself can cite scripture for his purposes."

His incapacity for the office of surveyor has become as proverbial as his immoralities. Instead of attending his duties, he may be found at almost any hour of the day in an obscure tippling house, playing at cards or backgammon with any blackguard who will associate with him, swilling grog and uttering blasphemies. His midnight orgies are in stews, from whence he reels home as regularly as he gets drunk; and gets drunk as regularly as he can get liquor.

Returning home from a turtle-feast at the Falls, filled to the brim with good old stingo, he assaulted the coachman, knocked him off his box, beat him almost to death, and drove the carriage off to town in triumph. The coachman obtained a warrant against him, and the surveyor of the port Philadelphia found it necessary to *furchase a peace*.

This man's life has been a tissue of the grossest immoralities. His parents could not conceal the heart-aches he occasioned them, nor the horror his conduct inspired; nor could he refrain, such is the inveterate depravity of his nature, from uttering the foulest imprecations against the authors of his existence. An atheist in belief, *hereafter* has no terrors for him. The principles of morality he considers as cobweb ties, too weak to entangle or to hold him. By grimace and monkey tricks he strives to put honour, honesty and truth out of countenance; in a word, he is one of those monsters, that are restrained from the worst of depredations on society only by the dread of a cell or the fear of a gibbet.

DAVID JACKSON.

INSECTS will flutter in a summer's sun, and when they become troublesome by their buzz, then only do they merit the fly-brush. This is an insect with the disposition, but without the capacity to sting. He buzzes like a great horse-fly, to the annoyance of some good men. As an officer of McKean's creating, and being mischievous to the utmost extent of his little means, he merits to be reflected in the Mirror.

He is the half-begotten son of a respectable sire, in whom nature mistook her gender. Puny in mind as well as body, he was dandled on his parents' knees until he fancied himself a man by taking a wife. The prattling of the baby was tolerated, because he displayed an earnestness and zeal in the democratic cause. He gossipped through the town retailing news, and would squat himself upon one post and another, whenever he could arrest the attention of any one to his babbling. He had learned by some means or other that religion was a good mask to cover moral turpitude, and he put it on. By means of an exterior of sanctity he could slander his neighbour with more effect; and by an attention to the outward forms of religious worship he could practise upon the credulity of the world. In a degree he has been successful. Lying and slandering are an abomination in the sight of heaven; and yet this little hypocrite, this apology for a man, expects to merit heaven by them. While his eyes are rolling towards the other world, his heart is intent upon the good things of this; and his mortifications of the flesh consist in practising the advice of a Quaker to his son, "*get money, get it honestly if you can, but by all means get money.*"

Being of the *spaniel breed*, he could not but be acceptable to the governor, and he was appointed a member of the board of health. One of Peale's stuffed

apes would have been as well qualified. To shew his meekness and disinterestedness, be it known, that he desired to be secretary and treasurer of the board of health at the same time ! !

Lamentable indeed is our situation, when the health, the property and the lives of the people are committed to such Lilliputian hands. An apology is due to the reader for introducing to his notice *an apology only for a man*.

SAMUEL CARVER.

PUBLIC character alone entitles this man to notice, and to a place in the Mirror. He is in stature, in mind, in principle, and in morals, a dwarf. With the dispositions of a wasp, he seems intent only upon his sting. His family and his relatives can bear a melancholy testimony to the crookedness of his nature. Too idle, or rather too lazy to support his family by industry, his mind has been unceasingly intent to become a pensioner upon the public. His hollow professions for a while imposed upon the people, and he became a county commissioner, and then a member of the general assembly. To the last station he was advanced by the Federal party, of whom he said, that to be a Federalist was alone sufficient to oust any man from public employ ;—he has long been at auction, and is at last struck off to the highest bidder.

JOSEPH B. M'KEAN.

THIS is the heir apparent, the hopeful first-born of Thomas M'Kean, and the astonishing attorney general of Pennsylvania. He is indeed a lawyer, and of that class too, so accurately characterised by the appellation of a *pettifogger*. No one but his father, an idiot or a madman, could ever have conceived the idea of his fitness for such a station. His qualifications are to be found in arrogance, vanity, superciliousness, and wise looks ; his merits are registered in the records of Federalism. He was one of John Adams's volunteer captains of dragoons in the reign of terror. As a commander and a soldier he signalized himself in the hot water expedition, by terrifying women and children, and living at free quarters. His courage, his patriotism and his regard for law, made a brilliant display in the memorable attack which he made, at the head of a banditti, upon the editor of the Aurora. For this act, characteristic only of an assassin, his honour was appealed to, and he shuffled until he procured the arrest of Duane. Perhaps this may have been an act of grace ; for " guilt begun, must fly to guilt consummate to be saved," and a stiletto might have suited the hand of a coward better than a pistol.

This *student of morals* was rewarded by his disinterested father, first with the office of register, next with that of attorney general, and then with the proffer of the chief justiceship of Pennsylvania. As yet we have not learned whether he has nominated him his successor.

He was one of the combination with Dallas to prevent the repeal of the midnight judiciary system, and like him, is one of the partizans of Burr.

In the memorable trial of the impeachment of the judges, he appeared as a witness, to the no small amusement of the auditors. So confused and incapable was he, that Dallas was obliged to declare what the attorney general *meant* to say, and thus to extort his assent to the words put into his mouth by the counsel of the judges. A blush overspread the countenance of every feeling spectator, on seeing the degradation of Pennsylvania in the person of her Baotian attorney general.

Joe is truly a chip of the old block. A tyrant in disposition, he requires only opportunity to become a tyrant in practice. Insolent and self-conceited as his father, he exacts homage from the dependants on office, by impressing them with a belief that he is the governor in fact, and that the father is nothing more than his puppet. As a lawyer, he is scarcely versed in the common-

place jargon of the bar; as a scholar, he has not passed beyond the horn-book of science; as a politician, he has yet to learn his alphabet; as a gentleman, he has not yet obtained a matriculation; and as a republican, neither nature nor education ever gave him any pretensions to it. His parts are better adapted to be stirrup-holder to the grand signior, than the attorney general of a free and enlightened commonwealth. He's

"the scum

That rises utmost when the nation boils."

GEORGE LOGAN.

THIS is a creature truly *sui generis*. By inheritance and by marriage he became possessed of a large fortune, and to his fortune may be ascribed whatever consideration he may possess in society. M'Kean once said of him that he was "a learned fool." Indeed, if by learning were understood the mere affectation of it, he might be called learned; but he has no more pretensions to learning than he has to common sense, or than the governor has to truth or modesty.

During the American revolution he was a TORR. After the peace, in the contest between the democracy and aristocracy of the state, he enlisted himself on the side of the opponents to the constitution of Dr. Franklin. By them he was placed in the legislature for the county of Philadelphia. In this character he rendered himself so ridiculous, that he was nick-named "blundering Logan," and "Marplot," and his friends found it expedient to permit him to stay at home and raise colts. Offended at this treatment, he changed sides, and the French revolution found him a violent partizan of the rights of man. He learned to dance the Carmagnole, and hoisted the tri-coloured cockade in the hats of his children: Nay, so far did his folly lead him, that he proposed that the democrats should wear short coats, to distinguish them from the Federal party.

When the proposition was first made to turnpike the Germantown road, he rode through all the country to alarm the fears and the prejudices of the farmers against it. His falsehoods and misrepresentations had their effect, and this useful scheme was retarded for years through his machinations; but when he at length found he was likely to be overpowered, he suddenly changed sides vociferated in favour of turnpike roads, and arrogated to himself the merit of success.

The western insurrection found him, *mirabile dictu!* a captain of dragoons; but when he was called to the field, his nerves wanted tone, and he suddenly resigned. To cover his cowardice, he advocated the insurgents, by way of reason for abdicating a command that he was so earnest to obtain.

His conduct always exhibited something of lunacy, and to this may be ascribed his trip to France. His visions taught him to believe that he could adjust the misunderstanding between the two nations. The reveries of Don Quixote, or his knight Sancho Pancho, had not more of the absurd and ridiculous in them. That a man without talents, either for speaking or writing, without even the manners or address of valet de chambre, should suppose himself competent, without any public function, to settle great national questions, is not more extraordinary, than Sancho Pancho's calculations and arrangements for the government of Baratania. France was governed by her own interests, and those interests were represented to her by some of her enlightened citizens, who had visited this country, and had returned to their homes about that period. Can it for a moment be believed, that an unauthorized individual, who can scarcely stutter a sentence of common sense, and who is incapable of composing a single essay, can it be believed that such a man could have influenced the government of France to a change of measures? *Credat Jydaus Apella!*

The extravagancies of the Federalists alone gave currency to the supposition. Their persecutions of this Bæotian produced a reaction equal to their extravagance; and in this way, and in this way only can his elevation to the senate of the United States be accounted for.

As the utmost extent of his genius goes not beyond catching grasshoppers or raising colts, it may be readily imagined, that Pennsylvania derives little service from such a representative. The fact is lamentably true. He is occasionally made use of to introduce some jigumbob proposition, ready cut and dry to his hands, such as a national academy, &c. but subjects of a national import are beyond his comprehension and support.

As opposition is his element, he figured among the foremost in exciting discontents and divisions among the democrats of this district. He was deeply concerned in the Rising Sun conspiracy; but he very cautiously kept himself concealed. His slanders reached the ears of the representative in congress from the county of Philadelphia. A message was sent to him, and he was obliged to resort to one falsehood to get rid of another. He never had the manliness to face his enemy; no wonder, therefore, that prevarication and falsehood should be instruments in his hands to adjust points of honour.

Meanness, cowardice and malignity are the predominant features of his character. His friend, and the friend to whom he owed his political elevation, the editor of the Aurora, he sought to undermine and to destroy. Duane was appointed printer to the senate. Logan called at his office in Washington for a copy of a document which the senate had ordered to be published for the use of the members. He was informed that he would receive it at the Senate chamber. He said he wanted it then, and that he would pay for it. He was told that it would be given him there, instead of serving him with it in the senate, and he received it. Money was offered by him and refused. The first thing the reptile did after obtaining the document, was to inform Otis, the secretary of the Senate, and a Federalist, that "Duane sold the documents of the senate, before the members were served with them." Otis communicated the information to Duane's clerk in a note, and was soon satisfied that Logan had asserted a falsehood. Duane was not ousted, according to Logan's expectation, of the printing.

This man affected uncommon devotion to the president; and yet he could not omit an opportunity to belittle him. Logan presented a member of the senate of this state to Mr. Jefferson, who was very much pleased, and asked Logan, when he had left the house, whether he was not a charming man? No, answered this Hottentot, I don't think he is,—"*The Suwarrow boot is too high, and is uneasy. The Jefferson boot is too low, and lets in the dirt.*" Well did Mr. Jefferson merit this speech, when he let in such a *dirty* fellow as George Logan.

As he never pretended to steer by the compass of principle, or was guided in his course by the chart of public good, we cannot be surprised at his being the champion of M'Kean. Dallas, of whom he spoke so disrespectfully, proposed him as the President of the Constitutional Society, and Logan, who had vilified Dallas, accepted the place at his hands. Such a combination could have no good for its object. Where even the elements of morality were wanting, we might look, and did look, for the extreme of profligacy, and we were not disappointed. Logan used the President's name in his electioneering tour through Bucks county, in favour of M'Kean, and against the Democratic candidate. He said, that he had received a letter from Mr. JEFFERSON, advising him to exertion in favour of M'Kean. On this, as on other occasions, he asserted an untruth; for no such letter had ever been written to him. By such base arts as these were the people of Pennsylvania gulled; and by such impostors as Logan were they tricked into the reception of a viper in their bosoms.

The extremes of vanity and ignorance often meet in the same point, and he has converged them in his own dear self; for in no other manner can we account for his pretensions to the government of Pennsylvania. Jupiter in his wrath gave the frogs a stork to govern them; but really we should suppose him to be in a fantastic mood in deed, if he should ordain *an ape* to govern us:—a creature, whose brain “is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage,” and who “hath strange places cramm’d

With observations, the which he vents
In mangled forms.”

ISRAEL ISRAEL.

THIS man may be said to be truly a *Jew*. His physiognomy is indicative of the character of Shylock, and his conduct furnishes demonstrative proof, that nature has written a legible hand. He will have the pound of flesh, and the blood too, if he can obtain it.

He became a democrat, as he became a *Christian*, from self-interest. One of the hungry expectants of office, like a wolf, he was constantly upon the watch, to spring upon the sheep-fold. He made his leap, was successful, and gorged himself with the blood of the unfortunate.

The vanity of Israel is as proverbial as that of M’Kean. His intellects are not above the common standard, and yet he has said, that he “*was born a legislator*,” as “*his brother was born a soldier*.” Without education, without any self-acquired knowledge, and consequently without more information than he has acquired in his tavern and stable walks, he has had the audacity to say, that “*he knew more than all the democratic party put together; and that if they had been governed by him, they would have prospered much more than they did*.” This modest declaration was made *before* the origin of the quid faction, and, therefore, comprehended the whole circle of the democratic party, down to Dalias and Joe Scott.

That the reader may be enabled to appreciate the acquirements of Israel, the following specimen of his orthography is exhibited. The quids hate bad spellers, and, therefore, M’Kinney was put under the ban of the quid empire. *Serve*, he spells “*sarve*.” Favour, “*fuver*”—would, “*wold*”—city, “*scity*.” in a word, he is such a dunderhead, that he can scarcely spell one monosyllable correctly; and yet so highly does he appreciate his own polish, that he considers himself qualified to fill the first offices in the commonwealth.

Such was his importunity and his incessant eulogiums upon his own worth and talents, that he foisted himself upon the democratic party as a Senator, and when disappointed in figuring in the Senate, in his natural character of a Legislator, he intrigued to obtain a seat in congress. For this station he could not persuade the people that he was competent, and he was not even nominated.

He canted, whined, and pronounced discourses upon his own merits, until he was taken up as Sheriff, and in his intercessions for the office, he averred, that it was to serve the public and not himself; that he desired to succeed; and yet, horrible to tell, no man in the administration of that office, ever wrung so much from poverty and misfortune as he did. To such an extent did his itch for the office lead him, and so desirous was he of exhibiting his eloquence before the public, that at the time the militia legion paraded at Germantown, and had actually taken up their line of march for the city, he had them halted in an awkward position, mounted a cannon, and mouthed it until he shed tears, and the legion roared with laughter and grinned with contempt. His transcendent vanity and folly had nearly procured his ruin; for in so ludicrous a situation did he place himself, by apeing the orator, and puffing his merits and talents, that murmurs of dissatisfaction ran through every rank; and the

utmost address of his friends became necessary to remove the impressions produced by his childish egotism.

In the office of Sheriff he gave full indulgence to his natural propensities. Money is the god of his idolatry, and money he determined to have, at the expense of the orphan's tears and the widow's heart-aches. His heart knows not to pity human woe; the fine sensibilities of human nature never even fluttered around his breast; the voice of humanity was never known to touch his soul; the accents of despair and distraction were to him dull and inanimate sounds; like Shylock, therefore, he determined to take the blood and flesh too. His skill in the art of calculating fees of office, exceeded any thing in the memory of the present generation. It operated equal to a compound interest, and gladdened his heart with the misery of man. Such is his unfeeling cast, that he imprisoned his own son, instead of paying the debt himself, and permitted the present Sheriff to be the security of another of his sons, who had been detected in stealing, lest he might incur some pecuniary risque by entering into recognizance for him. Nay, he has charged board to his son Joe, and when he asked this hopeful heir of his to present him with a box of segars, no, answered he, father I will give you *one*, you charge me four dollars per week for my board, and you can afford to pay me for my segars. It is said, and no doubt truly too, that poverty drove his son *Nat* to stealing, and that while the father was accumulating thousands, his own son had not bread to eat.

When Israel became Sheriff he threw aside his principles, with the same ease and facility that he threw aside his cloaths, for they hung quite as loose about him. His rapacity excited general abhorrence, his tergiversation, universal contempt; and having no chance with democrats to gratify his ambition at the expiration of his sheriffalty, he went into market for sale to any bidder. He struck himself off to his quid kindred, and they wished to cram him down the throats of the federalists; but they nauseated the vile dose, and disgorged it. After having been detected by Milnor, in charging double fees, and being compelled by him to refund, in his wrath he declared his determination to go to the Legislature to correct the evils of the sheriff's office: he knew them, and could apply a remedy. He said, that the emoluments were too great for any man, and his wish was that they might be curtailed, not from *himself*, but from his *successor*!"

Israel is one of the moderate party, of which M'Kean is the chief. A party the most violently moderate that ever appeared in the United states. Danton and Robespierre were not more outrageously moderate than the quid faction composed of *Dallas, Israel & Co.* Let us exhibit one specimen, among the multitude, of Israel's moderation. At the time of the western insurrection of 1794, he was a member of the democratic society. Certain resolutions were passed, disapproving of the conduct of the insurgents. He opposed them with the utmost vehemence, and after they were carried, he rushed out of the society in a fury attended by all the *moderates*, and among his attendants were the moderate Blair M'Clenachan, and the more moderate John Smith, the present Marshal of Pennsylvania.

Gentle and kind-hearted souls, like my uncle Toby, they would not hurt even a horse fly; and were our state only filled with such benevolent and tender spirits as Governor M'Kean, Israel Israel, A. J. Dallas, John Douglas, Joe Scott, George Logan, and Robert Brobston, we might hail the millenium, and shout peace on earth and good will to all men!!!

He has always been one of the hungry expectants of office, and because M'Kean would not make him grand chamberlain, or a grand duke, or a Chief Justice, or the devil knows what, like Jonathan B. Smith, he was constantly on the grumble. Not satisfied with having two heads of the hydra provided

for, like Douglass, he wished the people to become the prey of the whole brood.

Let us finish this disgusting portrait with the following anecdotes. In the year 1797 he was appointed a Commissioner to distribute the 10,000 dollars, appropriated by the Legislature for the relief of the poor of the City and Liberties. One day he asked the Treasurer to give him a sum of money for Mrs. Porter. He was asked who she was? He answered, no matter: then turning to one of his colleagues, after having obtained the money, whispered, that Mrs. Porter was the porter they had been drinking. His colleague was shocked at the trick, and at the attempt to apply the money of the poor to pay for their liquor, and mentioned it. The treasurer was awakened to suspicion by the whispers, and demanded an explanation. It was at length given, and the Treasurer declared that he would no longer have any thing to do with such proceedings; that he had no idea of plundering the poor of their pittance to benefit his stomach, and that he would resign the office, unless the money for drink was paid by themselves. A contribution was then raised for the purpose, and all contributed but Israel Israel!!

When he was agreed upon as a candidate for the office of Sheriff, he desired that the Committee of Superintendence should have his name stricken off with the other tickets, and that he would be at the expence. It was so done. After the election was over, he was called upon by one of committee for his subscription to defray the expences of the election. After some hesitation, he put his hand in his pocket and produced *a half a dollar and nine pence!* In a few days after, a person that he employed to post his advertisements, called upon him for a dollar and an half, for that service. Israel referred him to the Committee, telling him, that he had subscribed towards paying the expences, and that he must apply there for payment.

Israel was a member of the Tammany Society, from which he has since been expelled. On a memorable occasion, he declared, in the face of the Society, that "*every democrat should read the Aurora in preference to the bible!*" and yet this arch impostor is now in solemn league and covenant to annihilate a print, which he once appreciated more than he did holy writ.

"He sighs with a piece of Scripture,
Tells them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus he clothes his naked villainy,
With old ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
And seems a saint, when most he plays the devil."

JOHN DOUGLASS.

IN commencing this portrait we are almost compelled to exclaim with the poet,

"Now by my soul it makes me blush to know
My spirit could descend to such a foe."

For in truth he requires only the ears of an ass to be thus classed by naturalists.

His life exhibits little more than could be met with in a farmer's barn yard or sty. Like his kinsman he put on the lion's skin in the hope that he could lord it over his species; but his brayings have betrayed the animal, and instead of terror he has awakened contempt.

One of the hungriest of the hungry expectants of office, he has put in his claim for almost every vacant office. Without capacity to state an account, and ignorant of the first rules of arithmetic, he intrigued to become the Treasurer of the City Corporation, and his disappointment furnishes us with the first chapter of the sad Lamentations of JOHN.

An Alderman's birth next engaged his attention; and to sooth his wounded spirit, and prevent his desertion, through the influence of certain democratic

characters, he was commissioned. Not satisfied with a place so far beyond his capacity or his merits, his next effort was to procure the mayoralty of the City of Philadelphia. Never did man display greater effrontery. Even at this moment, although a nine-penny dealer, and in the constant practice of selling warrants, he cannot fill up correctly an ordinary summons. He cannot spell the most familiar terms, or write a legible hand, and is wholly ignorant of the duties of his office; and yet so inordinate was his thirst of office, that he laboured to become the Mayor; and if all the members of the Councils had been as great asses as some of them, he would certainly have been elected.

His next effort was to provide for his progeny, and in this he has been tolerably fortunate; for two of his sons are now maintained at the public expence. Not content with such a provision, he intrigued to have the gaoler removed, that his son might obtain the place; but the justices of the peace, and the Aldermen, would be neither bullied nor cajoled by him; and his mortification on this occasion gave us the second chapter of the Lamentations of JOHN.

To him it matters not whether his family is maintained in an *alms-house* or a *gaol*, provided they are only cloathed and fed at the public expence; for he is not very delicate in his appetite; if he cannot get the loin, he will content himself with the shin. It was truly said of him by a federal Alderman, that, "so insatiable is his appetite for office, that he would not be contented until his wife was made *Chief Justice*."

JAMES GAMBLE.

WERE it not for the public function that this man has been cloathed with, he would be too contemptible to be reflected in the MIRROR. He is not known, and to make him known is the principal object in exhibiting him. His introduction to the United States would, under different circumstances, have entitled him to a gibbet. At the commencement of the American Revolution he was a British subject. At the island of Jamaica, he found a friend, who entrusted him with the command of a sloop freighted with produce for New-York, then in possession of the British army. Instead of conveying the vessel to the place of destination, he brought he into the United States, claimed and obtained her as his prize. This act of piracy laid the foundation of his fortune. Blackbeard was called a pirate, and treated as such, for similar acts in time of peace; and it was only a state of war that gave this act a different character, and prevented its perpetrator from receiving the punishment awarded by the laws to a pirate. The robbery was committed, and in moral turpitude there could be no difference, whether the vessel was usurped by him in peace or war. He was not an American, and, therefore, the principles of patriotism could not have operated upon him. He was a British subject, and, therefore, was bound by his allegiance to do his country all the good he could; instead of which, he was not guilty only of a breach of the highest trust, but he became a traitor and a pirate. What confidence can be reposed in such a man by an honest and honourable people!

Captain Cox employed him as a mate on board a ship that he commanded. On coming out of the Havanna the ship was captured, and Gramble was left on board with a few hands. Some difficulties to which the captors were exposed gave him an opportunity to slip the ship into port, as she was then near the mouth of the harbour. Gamble sold the ship to the Spanish government for twenty thousand dollars, and shipped the cargo to the United States. Captain Cox was an owner of the ship, and had on board a private adventure of sugar. He applied to Gamble to restore him his adventure only; but was refused not only the adventure but even his quadrant. Gamble had the good

fortune to escape the gallows, for by the British he would have been treated as a pirate; and he very conscientiously pocketed even the private adventure of his friend. Thus much for his achievements during the American revolution.

If he had been known, he never would have disgraced the Senate of Pennsylvania; but he was not known, and, therefore, he became a member. Under a specious outside, he conceals the most profound hypocrisy. Armed with a species of low cunning, and habitually professing a great respect for honour and honesty, for a long time he imposed even upon men of discernment. By means of shuffling and falsehood, dissimulation and religious professions, he slipped into the Senate as he slipped into the Havanna, by good luck. Such a creature was a fit tool for the quids and M'Kean, and they used him. Gamble was extremely anxious to be a member of the Board of Health; the Governor could not refuse him, and he was appointed. Although M'Kean knew so much about the constitution and laws, he knew not, that such an appointment was in express violation of the constitution; for Gamble had assisted in passing the law, and therefore the constitution forbade him any appointment under it. On this being made known to the Governor, Gamble was obliged to return his commission.

From the moment he got into the senate he began to develop his true character. His falsehoods were discovered, his tricks could not be concealed, and his gossipings became known. He was too superficial not to be detected. It was time to look out for another port. Hitherto he had been successful in tricking those who confided in him, and was flattered with an expectation, from former experiments, that he should again come off with flying colours. On the trial of the Judges he tricked his constituents; but he had previously steered his little vessel for another Havanna. The office of an auctioneer was the reward for this treachery. He had served M'Kean, and reciprocity was to be expected—it may have been the basis of the contract. As an auctioneer no one would trust him; it became, therefore, a hulk upon his hands. He had sold himself for the office, and he resolved to sell the office in turn. A purchaser was soon found, and Gamble pocketed some hundreds of dollars. This is one of the honest and leading men belonging to the quid faction.

ISAAC WORRELL.

THE commission of Brigadier General alone entitles this man to notice. A mere *butterfly*, he flutters in a summer's sun, and is only an object of attention, when he becomes an object of curiosity.

He commenced his career upon a shop board; and his master, Mr. Stephen Phipps, truly said of him, that "nothing but his *impudence* could ever have pushed him forward; for he is without abilities, and of *impudence* he had displayed an ample share when he lived with him."

His claim to revolutionary services is much the same with that of his pretensions to modesty; for although he held a commission in the militia during the time General *Howe* was in possession of this city, he very cunningly threw himself into the way of the British forces, and was taken by them out of *his bed in Frankford*. Woful and desparate, indeed, would have been the American cause, if it had depended upon *such soldiers*, or upon *such patriots*.

His politics, like his military course, were an article of convenience, and both were to be *caught napping*, whenever his interest was to be benefited. He started a Federalist; but about the time that the sun of Federalism was setting in the county of Philadelphia, he suddenly shifted, and became a Democrat; and by this means he obtained a seat in the General Assembly. As cyphers are sometimes necessary to figures, he was admitted, an appendage

to the county representation, to complete the number; and as such he stood, as long as he remained in that body.

The wand of a magician has converted a mouse into a coach horse; and by executive magic he was metamorphosed into a General. The gold epaulets and the blue and buff, were too brilliant for his weak eyes, and he staggered among the quids.

Isaac was always upon the look-out for an office. He, no doubt, thought that a quid General had a better chance than a Democrat. The quids, modest creatures! are enemies to office-hunters, and they seceded from the democrats because of this enmity, and verily so did Isaac. Like Israel, he desired to be Sheriff, *out of pure love for the people*, not that he wished it to benefit himself. In his own opinion, popularity, like his prowess, was invincible; but, a-lack-day, the hero of Frankford was totally defeated. Like the Duke of York, he made a retrograde movement, and defiled, with his tail between his legs into Frankford.

M^cKean created him a general, and as Isaac had nothing to expect from the people, he determined to stick to his creator. He became a member of the Constitutional Society, and what is still more extraordinary, Dallas converted him into a *member of their Corresponding Committee*. Dallas forgot, that Isaac knew how to *stitch* better than he knew how to *write*; but no matter he could sign his name, and the name of a general was all he wanted.

His mouth was always wide open for office, and if the people will not make him the sheriff, the Governor must reward him some how or other; and if not with an office, certainly with the fifty thousand dollars he has demanded of Mr. Leiper, for daring to oppose his election. Isaac pleads misfortunes, and he cannot and must not be unprovided for. The nabob of Frankford must not be without a revenue, or his epaulets will tarnish, and his toledo rust in its scabbard. So *valiant* and *renowed* a commander deserves well of M^cKean, if not of his country!!—*Vive la bagatelle!*

Isaac is a *bawler* in favour of the people and of representative government, and to show his respect for them, at last November election for a senator, he voted for a *notorious bawd*, by the name of *Irish Kate!!* He may have an apology ready for this, by insisting, that a freeman may vote for any one he pleases, and most certainly for his *own likeness!!*

JOHN SMITH.

IF ever apostate deserved to be held up to public scorn, this is the man. Laziness made him a politician. He was too idle to work at his trade, and he commenced patriot by profession. He lounged and gossipped away the little he had, until he was obliged to subsist upon the charity and the contributions of his friends. His hand was in the pocket of every man who would lend him a dollar. Such was his violence, his intolerance, and his meddling, that the democratic party suffered ten fold more from his friendship than it could have sustained from his enmity. He belonged to the mountain in the Democratic Society, and was one of the number that seceded, when the resolutions were carried, disapproving of the conduct of the western insurgents. So combustible was he, that he would have involved the whole democratic party of the state in the flames of insurrection.

He made a conspicuous figure in the Northampton expedition, or hot water war. He was a lieutenant of dragoons. and in that character transmitted the account of the troops living at free quarters: and of their depredations and cruelties. His Northampton letter involved the Editor of the Aurora in the persecutions which he sustained in the year 1799, and subjected him to the murderous treatment which he experienced from a band of assassins, headed by Joe M^cKean.

Immediately after the election of Mr. JEFFERSON was declared, he applied to become the Marshal of Pennsylvania; for then he had no objection to renouals from office, to make way for himself. Dallas opposed his appointment; but he succeeded, through the exertions of those, against whom he at present entertains the most inveterate hostility, and in defiance of Dallas's opposition.

From the moment of his appointment, he became the tool of Dallas, nay, his very lick-spittle. Dallas manages him as the juggler does his puppet, and he runs or walks, leaps or jumps, as he is directed. He is a spaniel of the most fawning species.

He was appointed to the office, to give the Democrats of Pennsylvania an opportunity of having an impartial trial by jury; but his predecessor, Hall, who was removed would have done them as much, if not more justice. His panels are chiefly Federal; nay on a memorable occasion, when the Editor of the Aurora was the defendant, he studied to select such as would ensure a verdict against him. His suppleness to the enemies of the administration and his insolence to its friends, have excited the contempt of all parties. No man that ever was invested with a little brief authority so far forgot himself and his professions, we cannot say his *principles*, as John Smith.

On M'Kean's first election he solicited an office, and when he was overlooked (for be it remembered, that without talents or influence, he always considered himself the greatest man of the party) he commenced grumbletonian, and fulminated against the Governor. Then he was unfit for the office.

When the quid faction took its rise, his feeling immediately responded to theirs; for as they were composed of *moderates*, it was his natural element to be with *moderate men*! Smith always had a mighty penchant to be thought a *gentleman*; and as the quids were gentlemen, he thought it more compatible with his dignity and honour to be associated with Dallas and Joe Scott, George Logan and Adjutant Brobston, Jemmy Gramble and Alexander Moore, than with such Democratic dregs, as LEIPER and LAWLER, CLAY and LEIB, SHARSWOOD and FERGUSON. Aut Caesar, aut nullus, is not his maxim; for he would rather be cup-bearer or valet de chambre to Dallas, than figure as an orator in a Democratic Society, or at a town meeting.

Notwithstanding Smith's denunciations of M'Kean, for refusing him an office, he became one of his knights' errant at the last election, and brandished his toledo against St. George and the Dragon. As he *writes* and *spells* as well as Israel, he may have been employed by Dallas at his Castellum, to *revise* and *correct* the mammoth address; but of this we cannot but offer conjecture.

The time was when Ernulphuses's curse was but the first grade of punishment awarded by Smith to Federalists; but the time now is, when he feels himself as much flattered by their notice of him, and their union with him, as he does when Judge Washington condescends to eat of his soup.

"I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a creature!"

WILLIAM T. DONALDSON.

IF this man had not presumed to offer himself a candidate for the office of Sheriff, such is his insignificance, that he would have been unworthy of notice: for eagles do not stoop to catch flies. Beyond a *howsprit* or a *boom* he has not two ideas. He endeavoured to attract public attention, by a show of benevolence; but while he made a parade of his humanity and disinterestedness, he displayed that his own dear *self* was at the bottom of every action. He wished to be Sheriff, and all his efforts converged to this point. He put on the masque of hypocrisy, because he thought it would increase his chance of becoming Sheriff. He galloped about in the yellow fever times, because he

wished to be Sheriff. He distributed the money of other people to the poor, with a show of generosity, as if it had issued from his own purse, because he wished to obtain votes. Beneath an exterior of mildness, he conceals a malignant and rancorous heart; and in the destruction of an adversary he is bounded by nothing but incapacity. He has the will but not the power to do mischief.

It is said, that chance happens to all men, and he chanced to become a member of the Board of Health. As an evidence of his moral fitness to be the sheriff of this wealthy district, let the following anecdote suffice, the truth of which is susceptible of legal proof. The Board of Health possess the old Lazaretto on Province Island. The property was rented, and while Donaldson was the President of the Board, he received either three quarters or a year's rent, in different payments, the amount about one hundred dollars, and put it into his own pocket. After he was dismissed from the Board by the Governor, a committee from the Board of Health called upon the tenant for the payment of the arrearage of rent. They were informed that no rent was due, that it had been paid to the late President of the Board. The committee, fired at the assertion, considering it a calumny upon Donaldson, demanded the evidence of payment. His receipts were produced. An examination was again made, to ascertain whether Donaldson had given credit for the money, or had paid it into the hands of the Treasurer; but he had done neither the one nor the other. He had put the money in his own pocket. He was called upon to refund—the detection overwhelmed him with confusion, and he intreated a silence upon the subject. His apology for the act aggravated the offence, inasmuch as it added a falsehood to the dishonor. He pretended to have forgotten that he had received the rent!! He had received the rent at several and distant periods; he had been engaged in business of the Health Office daily, for he made it an occupation, and yet he had forgotten it!! Indeed, no man who is not as great an idiot as himself, can believe so absurd a tale.

Donaldson became a quid by accident; for he has not intellectual light enough to be directed by any thing else but accident and passion. He happened to go to the Rising Sun by invitation, without knowing what was the object of the meeting, and he happened to enroll himself among the thirty, and as he happens to persist in what he began, he persists in being a quid. This is his own logic. A quid let him remain; for surely neither the democratic nor the federal party would acknowledge a man, who as the President of an institution, had endeavoured to swindle it out of its funds.

Can the people of this district be so lost to principle and honor, as to elect such a man their Sheriff? The thing is impossible! The man has not been able to manage his own affairs, how then can he manage the affairs of other people? We have seen how he has managed the affairs of the public, how then can he be trusted? If we are to have a quid Sheriff, let him at least possess common sense and common honesty.

JONATHAN B. SMITH.

THE description of the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, would suit Jonathan exactly. Avarice has scarcely left a covering for his bones, and his bilious disposition has given him a cast of countenance that would rival the cynic Diogenes.

"All seems yellow to the jaundiced eye," says the poet, and truly every thing has its hue in the eye of this misanthrope. Before he turned quid, he was a grumbletonian of the first order; for he was incessantly grumbling at M'Kean. Whether the Governor had overlooked his merits in his arrangements: or whether he had not distinguished him by his notice; or whether

grumbling is his food, must be left to conjecture. He is like those little curs which infest our streets, and snap at every thing passing. For a while he snarled at the President, because he continued federalists in office; then he snarled at M'Kean, and now he is snarling at the democrats. A *soft* would, perhaps, compose him for the moment; but as opposition is his element, even this would not content him long. He must grumble, for he cannot help it. So herteroclite a creature is too disgusting to dwell upon. We shall, therefore, leave him to the gratification of his spleen. We neither envy him nor wish to be employed upon a character so contemptible.

MAHLON DICKERSON.

THIS is an adventurer from New-Jersey, who came to this city to save himself from starvation. His figure indicates famine, being not unlike a bird that frequents the borders of marshes, in search of little fish. Some wags among us have found his resemblance in *Lismahago*, one of Dr. Smollet's favourites.

He professes law, and on his alighting here after his flight from his native home he professed to be a democrat. There was not a democratic club of any sort or size, for some years after his arrival here, that he would not stalk into, and gabble democracy. Extremely anxious to attract notice, he would rather submit to be a *butt*, than pass unobserved. As long as violence would suit his views he was as violent as John Smith the Marshal, and John was always as hot as the tail of a comet; but when he became one of Dallas's appendages, and Dallas would halloo any thing, Dickerson was the echo.

Dickerson, like Smith, always had an itch to be thought a great man, and in order to be great and ascend, he fixed himself as bob to the tail of Dallas's kite, forgetting that Dallas's kite was but a flimsy thing, and that a stiff breeze would make it pitch, and dash it into atoms.

This man has gone the grand round of servility and sycophancy. Knowing M'Kean's vanities, he paid incessant court to him, laughed at every thing M'Kean wished him to laugh at, and approved of every thing as oracles which fell from his lips. He made the old dotard believe, that he was the greatest Judge, the greatest Governor, the greatest Statesman, and the greatest Commander that ever lived; and for this he was metamorphosed into an Adjutant General! Dickerson scarcely knows the muzzle from the butt-end of a musket, nor a platoon from a regiment, nor a line from a column, and yet he is *the Adjutant General of Pennsylvania!!* Such an Adjutant General, and such a Governor, are truly a burlesque of Republican Government.

Dickerson, like Dallas, is an enemy to *office-hunters*; and no wonder; like his prototype, he is determined, that no one shall hunt offices but himself. Let us bear in mind, that he is an adventurer from New-Jersey, and notwithstanding this, he has had three offices at one time, and actually holds two at this moment. He was a Commissioner of Bankrupts, Solicitor to the Corporation, and Adjutant General of Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania must be in a poor plight indeed, and must feel herself degraded, even in her own eyes, when a renegade from a sister state is deemed the only qualified person to administer some of her most important offices!

Dickerson is very fond of eating Dallas's soup and drinking of his wine; and from his simpering he would lead Dallas to believe, that he was his devoted friend. But Dickerson knows a trick worth two of it. He will fawn on Dallas like a spaniel, or purr like a cat about him, but he has no notion of encountering an angry look on Dallas's account. On a certain occasion, Dickerson was standing at the fire by the side of two federal lawyers, in the circuit court, as Dallas entered. One of them remarked, as Dallas entered, that "*there came one of the greatest rascals that ever entered a court of justice.*" If Dickerson

did not sinner approbation, he had not the honor or the courage to defend his friend; but his silence denoted an assent to the truth of the remark.

When the clouds begin to gather around the heads of M'Kean or Dallas Dickerson will be the first to beat a retreat from them. He is a sunshine friend as well as a sunshine patriot, and he is ever ready to turn his face towards the rising, and his back upon the setting sun. Like Democracy, they have been his stalking-horse, and he will throw them aside with as little difficulty as he did his principles when he turned quid.



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